

Demonstrators Make Up Patchwork Quilt of the Fabric of the City

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New York Times (1923-Current file); Oct 16, 1969;

ProQuest Historical Newspapers: The New York Times (1851-2009)

pg. 20

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By McCANDLISH PHILLIPS

IF one thing was clear yesterday, it was that there is no distinct or isolated genus *Moratorius* in the American species.

Those who observed the Vietnam Moratorium Day in New York defied categorization. Their diversity was more striking than their conformity. It was a day in which the frayed cuff of a worn khaki jacket brushed the lintless sleeve of a banker's suit as men and women of vast disparity stood side by side in silent vigil.

From the beautiful people to the shaggiest hippies, from blush-cheeked youth to be-jowled age, they were of every sort and station, alike only in their insistence that they were weary of the war.

A walk from the Hudson River to the East River—through white, Negro, Puerto Rican and Italian neighborhoods—found blocks in which the observance was much in

evidence, and blocks in which there was no sign of it at all.

AN elegantly suited vice chairman of a corporate board stood on Madison Avenue wearing an armband of black silk, which he said his wife had picked up for him at Abercrombie & Fitch.

A perky coed threaded through the crowded stalls of the Park Avenue Indoor Market — amid galaxies of handbags, dolls, jewelry, images, sausages, cheeses, chick peas and fresh wild rabbits — holding a Vanilla Fudge record album with one hand and a sheaf of antiwar petitions for shoppers to sign in the other.

A handsome woman stepped briskly out of the Ritz Towers Hotel on Park Avenue, preceded by a white terrier wearing a black rosette.

ASKYWRITER streamed bits of fleece across the cloudless blue above Manhattan, sketching "FOR PEACE" in a

wind that blew the letters seaward.

It was a day of speech-making, some planned and some impromptu; of placard-bearing and button-wearing; of leaflet distribution; of half-hearted school attendance and high absenteeism; of choir singing in Grand Central Terminal.

On the 7:18 from New Haven in the morning, some Yale professors and students gathered in the bar car for a rolling seminar on war and peace. That, and a great many other things, is what the moratorium was made of.

EVEN where the observance was much in evidence, the life of the city went on. While the upraised fingers of the Alma Mater statute at Columbia University held wires for a student rally microphone, a man trundling a delivery of six cases of soda entered by the gate of the Class of 1906.

Church bells nearby tolled

for peace. He bumped up the steps from Amsterdam Avenue, rolled past the back of Rodin's "The Thinker" and straight into Philosophy Hall. There would be no moratorium on effervescence.

On a dozen shop-lined blocks, not a single store was shut. For the Golden Comb Beauty Salon, Lexington Avenue at East 112th Street, it was a day to close. Signs pasted in its door and window announced, "Oct. 15. Opening Day."

SIDNEY MORGENBESSER, a professor of philosophy at Columbia University, was marching up Broadway in the late afternoon, flashing V signs to the people.

At 73d Street a big truck came by with its headlights on, indicating disapproval of the protest. "Fascist," someone hissed. But the driver poked a hand out the window, a V sign, once a sign for victory in war but now a sign for peace.

"That's a very curious Hegelian position," Professor Morgenbesser said. "You can't be sure what it means. Maybe he's for withdrawal, but not quite so immediate."

A fellow next to him said, "No, stupid, it's getting dark."

"That's a very simplistic interpretation," the professor said. "I prefer a political one."

A line formed on the southeast corner of 42d Street and the Avenue of the Americas, where a pleasant young man was stapling black crepe armbands to the arms of all who wanted them, in rapid made-to-measure style.

Not all the evangelists of cessation were mild. At the 77th Street entrance to the Lexington Avenue IRT station, two young men and two young women tried to force peace pamphlets and other items on pedestrians hurrying to work.

A tall man who brushed by, rejecting an armband, heard

a fierce whisper, "You're letting people die, man!"

IF it was not the tiniest demonstration of the day, it was the smallest one held outside of a thimble.

Just before noon, the front door of the New Lincoln School on Cathedral Parkway near Fifth Avenue opened, and the 15 pupils of Miss Degner's third-grade class came out, each carrying a crayon-lettered sign and all singing in high, thin tones, "We Shall Overcome." The children marched around once in a small circle, barely 20 feet wide, and filed back inside.

It had taken the morning to prepare it. The march itself took 2½ minutes, and the only ones who saw it were a few other students and a reporter, whose scribbled notes saved it from an obscurity to which, no doubt, extemporaneous events in other corners of the city were consigned.